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BEEF! BEEF!!

THE subscriber would inform his old customers and the public generally, that he will continue the Butchering business at his old stand, and is prepared to furnish Meats of all kinds at low prices.

H. P. UTLEY.

Manchester, May 28, 1861.

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AGENT FOR

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And all Goods in this line.

Repairing done at Short Notice.

(For the Manchester Journal.)

JESSIE.

BY SOUTHERN BROWN, A. W. H.

By the Father of Jessie the Scarecrow stood;
When the bold mountaineer first addressed him;
And there in a manly and soldierly mood,
For the gift of his Jessie he pressed him;
As the Father well knew that the Soldier was brave
As the spirited sister of Creasy.

The Senator then to the challenger gave
The hand with the hand of his Jessie.

And now on the banks of the same mighty stream
Is the bold mountaineer of our story;
But love is no longer the myth of a dream,
For Jessie parades of his glory;
And there by the spirit of Liberty sped,
Surpassing the virtue of Creasy.

He battles the misions by treachery led,
Resolved upon "giving them Jessie."

New York, September 3d, 1861.

THE GRANDMOTHER'S ARM-
CHAIR.

Labouheyre is a station on the Bordeaux and Bayonne railway. The humble village is half-way between those cities, in the midst of the sandy and arid plains, called the *Landes*, showing little other vegetation than stunted pines, and over which the people are accustomed to move with the aid of rude stilts. These queer aids to locomotion are in such general use throughout the *Landes*, that they form a distinguishing feature of the life under difficulties which constitutes, in the main, the social existence of that poor and remote portion of *la belle France*.

Before reaching Labouheyre, the traveller journeys through some twenty miles of desert. At length the rushing train comes to a stand still in the midst of a score or two of red tiles, that look as though they had been dropped down at random on the edge of a forest of scrubby pines. This poverty-stricken village is Labouheyre.

The utter stagnation of the place is broken only by the passage of the trains, and by the fairs that are held there twice in each year. But the excitement of the sleepy villagers at the epoch of these fairs is great indeed. Crowds of visitors flock to the fair from all the country side, for fifty miles around. Entire families make their appearance, arriving in clumsy covered carts, drawn by oxen, with heavy lumbering wheels and white awnings, which afford shelter to the occupants from sun by day, and from the dews by night. The journey through this unstable country, in which the wheels often sink to the axles, and oxen to their haunches, often lasts for weeks together; and the long files of white wagons, creeping slowly across the sandy wilderness, look not unlike a caravan crossing the desert.

It was at one of these busy periods that an incident occurred, which the domestic annals of the village still recount at their Candlemas and Halloween gatherings round the blazing pine log fires that never fail to greet the return of those favorite festivals. At the period in question, a young German painter, who has made for himself a brilliant place in the world of art, was making a sketching tour through the south of France. He had often heard of the strange, desolate scenery of the *Landes*; and the sight of certain pictures of Bracasset and Rosa Bonheur, which render in all their primitive charm the vague and dreamy expanses of the region, determined him to turn his steps in that direction.

When Fritz Staekels, as we call our artist, reached Labouheyre, the cracked bell of the little church was sounding the hour before midnight; and the entire village, notwithstanding the excitement of the fair, was wrapped in slumber. Every door was closed, every window was barred. Not a light was to be seen; not even a dog was stirring. The young artist, puzzled as to what to do for a lodging, at length determined to knock at all the doors until he should find some sort of quarters for the night. He accordingly walked up to the door of the first house he came to, and tapping therewith his walking-stick, he listened for some sound within indicative of wakefulness on the part of its occupants. But he had not to wait long, for the door was almost immediately thrown open, and Fritz, at once entering the cottage, found himself in a large, low, half-sitting room, with a floor of earth, and a bright fire on the wide, open hearth; for even in the month of July, the people of the *Landes* never think of going to bed without taking an airing at the fire, as a preservative against the proverbial insularity of the region.

Two men and a woman were seated beside the fire. As Fritz entered the room, he deposited his walking-stick and valise upon the table, while the two men rose from their seats, took from the corner of the overhanging chimney-piece a candle of pitch that was burning in a rude wooden candle-stick, and went out at the farther end of the apartment, saluting their hostess with a "Good night to you, Dame Bernardine."

"Good night to you both," replied the hostess, as she advanced toward the new comer, and demanded what he wanted.

"Why, at this time of night," replied

Fritz, "one can hardly want anything else than a supper and a bed."

"A bed!" returned the woman: "ah, monsieur, that is quite impossible. There are already five or six persons in every one of the rooms. The two travellers who have just gone out of the room, are going to sleep on the same mattress; and that will cost them five francs," added the woman. "And yet they are rich rosin-dealers from the neighborhood of Liphoutey. One of them has this very day sold five thousand francs worth of roses. And only to think of it; they spent an hour in disputing before they would consent to give five francs for any mattress, which makes only fifty sous apiece for them!"

"And do you think, madame, that I can any where find a supper and bed?"

"I think it very doubtful, monsieur; at least for the bed. For the supper, that's quite another matter, and I'm quite ready to serve you. Would you like a leg of goose stewed with cabbage? It is all I have left."

"Let me have it by all means," cried the artist.

"I must tell you," continued the hostess, "that this is not an inn. But during fair time, I do like everybody else, and take in travellers. One must try to be useful to one's fellow-creatures, sometimes."

"And to one's self," added Fritz, laughing.

"Five minutes after, the latter was devouring the stewed leg of goose, to which his hunger imparted all needed relish, and drinking with great gusto the excellent wine which was set before him by his hostess.

"Dear Madame Bernardine, for I think that is the name by which I heard you addressed a few moments ago," said the painter, when he had finished his supper.

"Yes," replied the hostess, "I go by that name, now, because my husband was called Bernard. I am a widow."

"Well, then, my dear Madame Bernard, permit me to inquire where you are going to lodge me for the night?"

"Alas! monsieur, I have nothing in the shape of a bed to offer you, not even a mattress," replied the Landaise, in a tone of regret, for she was sorry to turn away a lodger whose manner pleased her, and who had announced his intention of prolonging his stay beyond the time of the fair.

"Then I must go and knock at all the houses, one after the other, until I find a lodging."

"You will awaken everybody, and that will be ill; for every house in the village will be as full as mine!"

"I suppose so. But what can I do? I am very tired with my long days tramp; and now that your excellent wine is making my eyelids heavier than ever, I quite envy those two rosin dealers, who are fast asleep, at fifty sous apiece. Indeed, I think the charge exceedingly low; I would willingly pay five francs. Come, now, I am sure you are clever at contriving, and if you try, you will find some way of quelling me."

"I told you, just now, that I have nothing left, not even a mattress."

"Have you a sofa?"

"Not anything of the kind!" reiterated the hostess. She remained for an instant silent, as though turning the matter over in her mind. Then raising her eyes to scrutinize it carefully,

"Well, I've just remembered!"

"Ah, at last! I thought you would end by finding me something."

"Don't rejoice too soon. The only thing I have left in the house is a large arm-chair that stands in mother's room, and in which she often takes a nap during the day. How much did you say you would pay?" Ten francs, I think."

"Did I say ten francs?"

"Yes."

"But for a bed."

"Well, you shall have the chair for five francs; it is worth the half of a bed. You will sleep perfectly well in it, without undressing. I really have nothing else to offer you; and you can take it, or let it alone, just as you please."

"Very well; I accept the arm-chair, as there is nothing else to be had."

"But I have not told you all. The chair is in a room already occupied."

"By whom?"

"By a woman."

"Young or old?"

"A woman of ninety, my mother. She would be furious if she perceived that I had lent her chamber to a stranger, but luckily she sleeps very soundly. I will take you into her room, without a light; you will seat yourself in the arm-chair without making any noise, and you will try and not snore too loud, for fear of waking her!"

"Very good," returned Fritz. "I'll do my best."

"More than half-asleep, the young man followed his hostess. They climbed up a stone stairway, and when they reached the top, the hostess stopped at a door and lisped,

"A quiet and regular breathing was audible through the silence."

"She is asleep; we can venture in," whispered the woman. "The big arm-chair is at the left of the bed; go softly. Have you found it?"

"Yes."

"Very well. Good night."

So tired was the artist, that he fell a-

sleep instantly, and slept soundly till morning. He was twenty-five years old, and his face, set off by a mass of hair, was as fine a specimen of the best German type, with its gentleness and dreaminess, as could have been furnished by the entire Confederation. As the first rays of dawn fell on the head of the sleeper, they lighted up just such a face of gentle, yet manly beauty, as most young maidens have seen